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# REV. C. F. MUSSEY'S DISCOURSE

ON THE

# Assassination of President Lincoln.

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# The Mighty Fallen.

A

# DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE

# ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

DELIVERED IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BATAVIA, N. Y.,

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 23D, 1865.

BY CHARLES F. MUSSEY,

PASTOR.

Lincoln

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# DISCOURSE.

"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN." 2D SAMUEL, I, 19.

This is part of a lamentation of one mighty man over two others. In the providence of God, David was to come to the throne of Israel. He had been annointed by the prophet of the Lord. He expected that God would fulfill his word concerning him, but he had as yet no assurance, but faith in God, that he would ever be king. Saul had driven him from his sight, and hunted him from the land. For safety he had escaped to Gath, and made alliance with Achish, its king. This alliance, during its continuance, was honorable to both parties. It was kept in good faith. But it was not to continue. The Philistines would make war upon Israel, and the other lords of the Philistines, from fear of David, insisted that he should not go up with them to battle. Achish compelled David and his men to return to the city of Ziklag, in which he dwelt. After his return, the Philistines joined battle with Israel at Mount Gilboa. Israel was put to flight, and Saul and Jonathan were slain. When the messenger brought the news to Ziklag, instead of rejoicing that the death of Saul opened the way for him to the throne, David was smitten with grief. If ever he had felt hostility—there was no evidence that he had—it was now gone. His great and generous soul forgot all the injuries that he had suffered, and was overwhelmed with anguish. The great love which he felt for Jonathan, reached even to Saul; and as the flood-tide covers the smooth and rough places alike within its limits, and at its height reveals not the inequalities of its bed, but only the glassy surface of the all-embracing element, so this love of David enveloped both father and son in pleasant remembrances: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet and other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished."

In the midst of the conflicting feelings that surge over the nation, in consequence of the crime and calamity that have fallen upon us as suddenly as a bolt of heaven from a clear sky, it is hardly possible for us to contemplate any portion of the divine word, or to discuss any human interest which does not lead us to, or is not associated with, the engrossing subject of our thoughts. In the tumult of feeling which rages in the individual mind and in the public mind; in the midst of grief, of the sense of irreparable loss, of wonder at the past, of fear for the future, of the stifling of the victorious joys of but yesterday; in the awaking of retributive indignation, it may not be possible for us to think, or to speak of the death of our President, as we would speak before God and men, when our minds are calmed by submission to God's will, and our thoughts made clear by insight into God's developed purpose in the affliction. But think we must, and speak we must, and perhaps we may not do better now than to speak and think some thoughts suggested by our text—"How are the mighty fallen!"

If these thoughts were not in the mind of David when he uttered his lament over Saul and Jonathan, you will see that they are legitimately suggested by his words.

The first thought suggested by the text in connection with the death of President LINCOLN, is that a *mighty* man is fallen. Thank God, that instead of saying in our lament, as we feared we must, when the horrid intelligence of the crime flashed along the wires—how *are* the mighty fallen—we are permitted to restrict the language to one, and say—How *is* the mighty fallen. Our Secretary of State still lives, with hopeful prospect of recovery. Our President only is dead.

It has been the lament of many good men, within the lives of some of us, who have hardly reached our prime, that the great men of the Republic were all gone; that if perilous times should come, which seemed to be foretokened, there was none with clearer mind, and broader wisdom, and stronger arm, than other men to be our pilot, and hold our ship of state on her course through the storms that threatened, and through the deep channel bordered with rocks and shallows, from the sheltered waters of the arm of the sea on which she was launched, into the wide ocean of her new career and manifold, and almost infinite destiny. Men have longed for some of the great men of a former time; for a WEBSTER, to announce first principles of our Government, with the great authority of his constitutional wisdom, and massive eloquence; for a CLAY, to pour the oil of his conciliatory speech upon the troubled waters; for an ADAMS, with his stores of wisdom learned from history and from a training in the early and growing life of the nation; for a HAMILTON, with his clear, broad, and penetrating statesmanship and organizing mind; for a JAY, with the irresistible discussions of his pen; for a FRANKLIN, with his great practical and versatile wisdom; for a JACKSON, with his ardent patriotism, and prompt and energetic and inflexible will;

for a WASHINGTON, with that temperament of mind and heart, of wisdom and of will, of self-poise, and control over others, of physical endurance and mental strength, of that pure patriotism that always enkindled confidence and enthusiasm in patriotic hearts; fit to be the Father of a Country, grand in territorial extent, pure and humane in the principles of its life, self-controlling, and ever increasing in power to control the world. When the days of trial came, and the storm broke upon us, men feared that our nation, freighted with the hopes of humanity, would go to wreck, not because she had not men enough to work the ship, but because she had not some great collossal man, whose voice should be heard above the roar of wind and wave, inspiring confidence, directing energy, and causing the ship to wear away from the rocks into the deep channel of safety. As we see things to-day, we are led not to yearn for the mighty men of the more distant past, but to thank God that he has given us men adequate to the great issues at stake and work to be done, and to mourn that one of these noble men is fallen.

Concerning President LINCOLN it need not be said, in order to assure us that he was a mighty man, that he was the greatest man of the present time.—Perhaps it may not be best for us to confidently assert that he was not.—Other men may be too near us, in our personal relations and interests, for us impartially to decide. As one stands in the vale of Chamonix, and looks up to the summits of the high Alps within his view, he will be likely at mid-day to think that two or three peaks are higher than the one which is pointed out to him as Mt. Blanc; it is only when he rises before the sun, and sees which peak first glows in his morning gilding; or at evening, which shows last the purple of his setting, that one sees that his informant tells the truth. It may be that when the sun of fame, that now courses the heavens and reveals in full day, so many heads that tower above the valleys and the plains of humanity, shall sink below the horizon of present action in our national life, that its [illegible] light will rest latest upon the head of our Chief Magistrate who is just laid in an untimely grave. That President LINCOLN was the greatest man of our time, I shall not assert; but that he was a mighty man, is conspicuously evident.

No President—WASHINGTON not excepted—has ever had so difficult a task as the heritage and duty of his office. Treason encountered him everywhere. Treason was in all the Southern States. It was in Congress. It was in the Cabinet of his predecessor. It had fed at the public tables. It had carved the joints, and distributed the food, and picked the bones of the Nation. It built its nest in the Departments of the Capital. It hatched its brood under the warm feathers of the American Eagle. It went forth from its nest like a dove, with innocence in his eye, as if on a mission of peace, and came back as a bird of prey to feed its young in high places upon the vitals of the nation, which it bore in its bloody talons. Treason had scattered the Army to the remote parts of the Nation. It had dispersed

our feeble Navy to distant ports. It had sent all the arms that it could make available without detection, from our arsenals, to the South.—It had attempted to put its tools in authority as commanders of our navy-yards and forts. It had secured, before anything could be done to prevent, all the forts, and consequently all the ports, on the Atlantic coast South of Fortress Monroe, except Fort Pickens and Key West. It blockaded and held the Mississippi River from its mouth to Cairo, Illinois. It drew every Slave State into the vortex of its rebellion except Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri; Missouri only being saved by timely interposition of Federal arms, and Kentucky and Maryland only saved through a wholesome fear of them. The United States Treasury was empty. Treason only left the Vice President's chair when Mr. LINCOLN was inaugurated. Everything was to be done, and there was nothing with which to do it, but the crudest material. An army was to be enlisted, and trained in the art of war. Officers were to be commissioned, and taught, or tried.—Commanding Generals were to be tried, and retired or emerge from the obscurity of subordinates by the force of their genius.—I do not at present think of a sigle General of our forces, who has greatly signalized himself in the war, who was in a position of high command when the rebellion broke out.—A navy was to be created with which to blockade thirty-six hundred miles of difficult coast. Jealousy of our growth and the threatening aspect of our free institutions had made foreign powers lend the ear to rebel emissaries. Complications with these powers were looming up on the edge of the horizon. The war was to be carried on with every advantage of strategic points, and capabilities of defence in favor of rebellion. Twelve millions of people were claimed to be represented in arms against the Government. Last, but not least, social, commercial and political connections with the South, seemed to threaten almost any policy which might be adopted, with a division of the North. Such was the state of affairs when Mr. LINCOLN became President, or so soon afterward, that no action on his part could have prevented it. Now, what is the fact? The sea-ports of the rebellion, with the exception of Galveston, have all been re-possessed. The forts commanding the entrance to these ports, have all been captured and occupied. The Mississippi and Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers have long been open to navigation. The arsenals and armories and military stores of the Confederacy, have been, in great measure, destroyed. Its chief lines of communication have been cut; its means of supply have been crippled. Its Capital has been taken; its best army and Generals have surrendered. Its President has fled. He, who in Richmond, in June, 1861, declared Mr. LINCOLN an ignorant usurper, in April, 1865 finds himself a fugitive, with the probable anticipation of finding himself an exile, or an outlaw. The last army on which the Confederacy can rely for any check to its desperate fortunes, if not already surrendered, is fleeing before overwhelming numbers of victorious legions. The rebellion is crushed. In crushing it, its corner-stone—Slavery—has

been broken in pieces—visible indeed in its fragments, but never, as we believe, to be re-united, but finally to disappear when the rubbish of the great conspiracy is removed. All this has been done under the administration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. We do not ignore the justice of our cause and the favor of God. May our nation, taught gratitude and devotion, ever render to Him supreme glory. We do not overlook the service of other great and good men. We can never forget the pecuniary, and bloody sacrifices of a great people. But we do say, that the very fact of administering our national affairs in the midst of such portentous perils, and bringing them to so salutary and glorious an issue, must stamp the man in whose hands the reins of Government are, as one of the mighty men of all ages. Laboulaye, an eminent Frenchman, said of him in the college of France—"Mr. LINCOLN is a greater man than Cæsar." Another eminent French politician said—"No Monarch in Europe could carry on such a collossal war in front, while harrassed by so many factions and fault-finders behind." Whether these eulogiums are fully deserved or not, is a question which we can afford to leave for the future to decide; but we must be blind not to see, that none but a mighty man could have been instrumental in accomplishing such great things.

Mr. LINCOLN was a mighty man in his comprehension of the situation of all our affairs. It is now evident that his mind grasped the difficulties of his own position and all the imperilled interests of the nation. He was mighty in his knowledge of the right kind of men with whom to surround himself as his counsellors and coadjutors. If we judge men, not by what their friends or enemies say of them, but by what they have accomplished, then it must be acknowledged that our President brought around him most able and efficient men; —men competent to achieve, in their departments, all reasonable requirements.

President LINCOLN was mighty in his singleness and tenacity of purpose. The oath of his office is as follows:—"I do solemnly swear, that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." This oath required that he maintain the territorial integrity of the United States. He held the maintainance of Union ever before his eyes. He never lost sight of it. He was wise enough to see that military power in rebellion must be broken by military power; and he broke it. He has preserved, protected and defended the Constitution, according to the best of his ability. If any act which he has ever done, has seemed to be in violation of a single provision of the Constitution, that act has already been endorsed by the people as a means of preserving the whole Constitution. President LINCOLN did not make oath that the people of the United States should not change the Constitution according to the methods provided in it. If any article of the Constitution should pass away, or be changed, as one of the measures of the people and of the President, it will be done without violence to

the Constitution. As a measure of war, to cripple the military power of the rebellion, and as a measure of policy to prevent the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by European powers, President Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation. That this Proclamation has helped to destroy the rebellion, is perfectly manifest. That it helped to prevent recognition of the Confederacy, by France and England, is probable. That the emancipation of the slaves was in accordance with his humane instincts and religious principles, is doubtless also true. That the President foresaw, or thought he foresaw, that the perpetuation of slavery would imperil the existence of the nation, as it had already threatened its destruction, is true. But that emancipation was the great aim, and that the maintenance of the Union was the subordinate purpose, of the President, is without any evidence. Whatever else the President did, or might seem to do, his one great thought and purpose, adhered to in all complications and vicissitudes, in the exultation of victory, and the gloom of defeat, was the maintainance of Constitutional Government, over the whole land. He moved as steadily toward the end, as the Mississippi River, here deflected eastward, there deflected westward, yonder turned northward, yet always tenaciously travels Southward to the Sea.

President Lincoln was mighty in those traits which endear a man to the people. There was simplicity of character—honesty—in all his principles and deportment. He never made any pretence. He never wore a mask. He never assumed a character. He never tried to conceal the fact that he was from the ranks of the people, as do some little great men. While he comprehended all the great questions of State, he seemed to talk and act as though every other man could comprehend them. He met every man as his equal. He did not straiten himself up before his coachman. He did not apologise to a foreign Ambassador that he had not the advantages of an early education. He would converse as freely with the one as with the other, if occasion demanded. He would apply to each the same joke, if it were applicable. A little gaunt, and awkward to the Beaux Brummels of society, he was nevertheless familiar and easy with all men; never insipid, never obscene; always good-natured, always sensible, sometimes unconsciously majestic, as a mountain in the middle of a plain.

President Lincoln was mighty in timing his acts so as to secure the co-operation of the people. A man of the people, he comprehended the people. Comprehending the vital point of the war, that it was a war in behalf of the people against an aristocratic faction, of the many against the few, of man as man, against men, usurping place above man, he saw that he could do nothing to sustain the Government, unless he could have their endorsement and co-operation. Thus, if he had called in the first instance for more than 75,000 troops, the people would have been afraid of usurpation. If he had issued the Proclamation of Emancipation one year, or six months before he did, the people would not have sustained him. The same may be said of the

Proclamation of Amnesty. But in every case in which his acts were new, and without precedent, the people were sufficiently prepared for them to sustain them and ultimately to give them an emphatic support. A writer in the North American Review, says "Mr. LINCOLN, as it seems to us in reviewing his career, though we have sometimes in our impatience thought otherwise, has always waited, as a wise man should, till the right moment brought up all his reserves."

Mr. LINCOLN was great in the magnanimity and generosity of his nature. Like all public men he had bitter political enemies, but there is no record of any revenges conceived or harbored by him. Certainly no man could be more traduced than he has been. But where has he ever been otherwise than generous towards his enemies? For more than four years he has been the object of such abuse from the southern press, that one would almost think, that ribaldry and abuse were the native dialect of the writers, yet no man at the North has been more kindly in his feelings towards those in rebellion than he. Since his death, Gen. LEE has said that he surrendered as much to the benignity of the President, as to the artillery of Gen. GRANT.

Mr. LINCOLN was mighty in trust in God. He believed that the cause of our country, as against rebellion, was favored by God. He believed that it would ultimately triumph. His Pastor—Rev. Dr. GURLEY, of Washington—says of him and this trust—"Through the power and blessing of God, this confidence strengthened him in all his hours of anxiety and toil, and inspired him with calm and cheering hope, when others were inclining to gloom and despondency. Never shall I forget the emphasis and deep emotion with which he said in this very room—the East room—to a company of clergymen and others, who called to pay him their respects in the darkest days of our civil conflict: 'Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on the immutable foundation, the justice and goodness of God; and when events are very threatening, and prospects are very dark, I still hope that in some way which man can not see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just, and God is on our side.'" Still further Dr. GURLEY says:

"We admired his child-like simplicity, his freedom from guile and deceit, his staunch and sterling integrity, his kind and forgiving temper, his industry and patience, his persistent self-sacrificing devotion to all the duties of his eminent position from the least to the greatest; his readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor and humble, the suffering and oppressed; his charity towards those who questioned the correctness of his opinions and the wisdom of his policy; his wonderful skill in reconciling differences among the friends of the Union, leading them away from abstractions, and inducing them to work together harmoniously for the national weal; his true and enlarged philanthropy that knew no distinction of color or race, but regarded all men as brethren, and endowed alike by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; his inflexible purpose that what

freedom had gained in our terrible civil strife, should never be lost, and that the end of the war should be the end of slavery and a consequence of rebellion; his readiness to spend and be spent for the attainment of such a triumph—a triumph, the fruits of which should be as wide-spreading as the earth, and as enduring as the sun. All these things commanded and fixed our admiration, and stamped upon his character and life the unmistakable impress of greatness.

"But more sublime than any or all of these, more holy and influential, more beautiful and strong and sustaining, was his abiding confidence in God, and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through Him and for His sake. * * * And this it seems to me after being near him steadily and with him often for more than four years, is the principle by which more than by any other, he being dead yet speaketh." How pertinent are the words of David's lament to us in our national bereavement—how is the mighty fallen!

Secondly.—These words also naturally lead us to look at the *manner* and *purpose* of the death of our President. *How* is the mighty fallen. The facts and circumstances of the assassination are familiar to you all. I shall not attempt to portray them so as to make the tragedy any more vivid than it now is in your minds. When you arose from your beds a week ago yesterday morning, you little thought such tidings would meet your ears. A gloom settled over the public mind from Maine to California. Hundreds of thousands mourned, almost as they would mourn for one of their own families. The nation has never had such a sorrow. There has never been, in this generation, so universal and deep a grief.

As the tidings flew over the nation, there flashed through every mind a process of reasoning, almost as swift as an intuition, which showed that the deed belonged to the rebellion. It had in it all the pride, and assumption of justice in avenging injured innocense, which characterizes those men who fired the southern heart, and led them into the crime of rebellion. It had in it the domineering, violent, tyrannic will, which in many minds, is the legitimate and necessary fruit of slavery. It had in its preparation that cool-blooded malignity, and in its execution that diabolic satisfaction, which belongs to those authorities that commanded, and those subordinates who superintended, the torture and starvation of our prisoners. We are all no more sure to-day, since we have the proofs, than when the conviction flashed on our minds with the intelligence of the deed, that this assassination is the legitimate offspring of slavery and rebellion. It may not have had the knowledge or the sanction of the authorities at Richmond; it may not have been a part of a very wide-spread conspiracy at this time; it may have been wider spread than we have thought; it may have been known to more men than we have imagined; but it was done in the interest of the rebellion, for the sake of securing for it, what the arbitrament of arms, and the slow murder of our brave men, prisoners in their hands, had failed to secure; or it was done out of the furious spite that the Confeder-

acy had failed and that the South was ruined. This was the manner and purpose on one side of the assassination of our President.

But there is another side. God, whose pavilion is the dark waters and thick clouds of the skies, was hovering over that deed, not in causing it, not in approbation of it, but in permitting it, in overruling it for good.

First, it was an easy passage from this life to immortal life. We have reason to think that Mr. LINCOLN was a true child of God, and that he died only to live. His death was easy. There was no gloomy foreboding of dissolution in it. There was no pain in it. He passed away as one overtaken with sudden sleep.

Again, it was a sore chastening which the nation probably needed. Men trusted in the President. Most men felt that the nation was safe in his hands. They believed in his honesty, his integrity, his wisdom and magnanimity and patriotism. All men had learned to believe that he would not usurp the power of the people. The nation felt that liberty was safe with him; safe from despotism in his hands; safe from overthrow by rebellion, or attack by foreign powers. We were flushed with victory. We were almost beside ourselves with joy. We thought we had the greatest generals, the noblest armies, the safest and best man at the head of affairs, of any nation on the globe. God has shown us that in a moment he can humble our greatness, and cast the crown of our pride to the dust. He has shown us, that He only is our defence; that our strength and refuge are in him; that if we will not be moved we must build our confidence upon the Eternal Rock. How quickly God could remove all our mighty men, and take away the armor in which we trust, and divide our spoil.

Again, by this crime and calamity, God calls upon the nation to cultivate respect for magistrates as representatives of the law. The crime of assassinating our Chief Magistrate is the legitimate fruit of the asperities indulged in by extreme men of our political parties in great political excitements. In this case irreverence and hatred and professed principle fired with passion are gone farther than ever before in our country; farther, perhaps, than they ever will go in the North; but they should be a warning to us in our own persons and in the education of our children, and also in educating others by means of the public opinion which we help to form. The apostle Peter* characterizes certain wicked, dangerous men, as "presumptuous, self-willed," as "not afraid to speak evil of dignities." Great masses of our people seem to have no reverence for any authority. We must not confound liberty to review and discuss the principles and measures of parties and of men in office, with that license of speech which is fiery and denunciatory and without reason, and which tends to destroy all regard for law and the authorities of law. This license is an evil which has been growing these many

* 2 Peter, 2, 10.

years, and which helped bring on the woes of war. President Buchanan was denounced with a fierceness which tended to make men despise authorities rather than to give a just idea of the evils of his administration. President Lincoln has been denounced in language no better than the deed which has just been done. If those who have spoken thus, cherish the feelings which they seem to express, God holds them guilty of murder in their hearts. We must cultivate a reverence for authority, or by words and deeds of violence we shall provoke a despotism which will extinguish all our liberties. We must learn to love our country and honor authority, more than we love or hate parties or men.

Still another providential benefit may accrue to our country from this murder. It calls our attention to, and impresses upon us the principle upon which human Government rests, and by which it must be maintained.

By the tidings of the assassination many were unnerved with grief; many more were fired with a deep indignation and a desire for vengeance. While every one with a spark of loyalty and a sense of justice in his soul, wished that the assassins and their immediate accomplices should be speedily brought to the gallows, there was, and still remains a feeling beyond this—viz: that the rebellion is responsible for this crime, and that the rebellion must pay in blood. There were different degrees of this feeling; some of comparative calmness, and others of extreme violence. But in every mind there was a demand for justice which alone would satisfy its innate and irrepressible feelings.—Mingled with this feeling in some instances, there was doubtless great evil; perhaps a murderous feeling; yet the universal voice was a testimony that God had endowed men with an ineradicable sense of right. Private revenges cherished and executed, are sinful because God has not given the sword to a private individual to revenge his own injuries. But he has given it to the magistrate to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil towards the State. Government rests upon justice. Justice is expressed in law. The maintenance of law, and consequently of Government, rests on the sanctions of law in the hands of magistrates. Those sanctions are represented by the sword, compelling obedience or punishing resistance. The punishment due to those who destroy their fellow-men, or subvert the State, is death. God's word is specific in regard to the death penalty: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."* Christ says they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.† The magistrate "beareth not the sword in vain."‡ The magistrate does bear the sword in vain if it executes no justice, and inspires no terror in regard to crime.—The nation is led by the recent crime to demand adequate punishment of its perpetrators and plotters. The people are beginning to see, and wisely to see, that it is not full justice

* Gen. 9, 6. † Matt. 26, 52. ‡ Rom. 13, 4.

merely to meet confederate armies upon the field of battle and vanquish them. The great deceivers of the Southern people, the great plotters of rebellion, ought to die by the hand of the law. We ought to commend them to the mercy of God and pray for their repentence and cleansing in the blood of Christ. But the State ought to slay them, if they do not escape to other lands. Mercy shown to them is imbecility; it is dishonor of God who has given this people in trust with a government; it dishonors the nation. We do justice to those who sustain law only by executing law upon those who try to undermine it.—Certainly we should abide as a nation by the terms which we have given to prisoners of war. But as a people we ought to demand for the honor of law, for the welfare of our nation, that there shall be such an exhibition of severity toward leading conspirators against the life of our nation, as shall forever deter every man from attempting, or thinking, to destroy it.

If I mistake not, God in his providence in this national affliction, calls upon the nation to seal the honors, which we pay to our noble President, and which we owe to His most glorious name, by completing the work which he so nearly finished. The two things by which Mr. Lincoln will be principally known to the future historian and to the world, are the vanquishing of the armies of the rebellion and the emancipation of the slave. Let us remove all the rubish of this rebellion so that nothing shall be left. Let us bury its foul carcass so deep that our children's children shall never see a trace of it except in the cities of the dead.—Let us demand that no man made free by the Proclamation of the President shall ever again be made a slave. If it would be nationally infamous for us to seize and hang those prisoners of war who have been released on their parole, unless they violate it or commit fresh crime, so it would be nationally infamous for us to enslave those made free by war.—May no slave by authority of the United States, ever tread our soil again. The crushing of the rebellion is a victory over despotism in the name of the people. The emancipation of the slave is a victory over despotism in the name of man. Now, in the name of God let us perfect our civil and religious liberty;—let them both be so large that men can do and say and think anything not inconsistent with law, that it may be seen in the hastening millennium that we have prepared the way of the Lord.

You have doubtless noticed, my hearers, that the assassin's shot was dealt to our honored President, upon that day, which in the calendar of the church, commemorates the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. While it would be blasphemy to attempt to make the two events parallel in dignity and in their influence upon the world, since the one was the slaying of a mere man, the other of the God-man as an atoning sacrifice for the world, it may not be wrong for us to draw a finite line of thought, which may serve as a lesson to us in our calamitous bereavement, parallel a little way, with that infinite thought and gracious work of God. Christ died for the world,

not that the world should linger around his sepulchre in perpetual and unmitigated sorrow, but that dying with him unto sin, it should, with regenerate, divinely imparted force, come forth a believing world in the vigor and purity and bliss of the life everlasting. Our President died, in one sense, for this nation, that the people following him to his grave in the bitterness of their sorrow, contemplating his acts of justice and humanity, his life martyred to the maintainance of the law and the dissemination of freedom, may awake to newness of life, forever burying their dead works in his grave!

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